

# California Garden

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY  
The San Diego Floral Association

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO  
P. O. Box 323, San Diego 12, Calif.

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AUTUMN, 1945

Vol. 36

No. 3

Entered as second-class matter December 8, 1910, at the Post Office at San Diego, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

California Garden is on the list of publications authorized by the San Diego Retail Merchants Association

Rates on Request.

Advertising Copy should be in by the 25th of preceding month

Subscription to Magazine, \$1.00 per year;  
Membership \$1.50 per year; Magazine  
and Membership combined, \$2.00 per year.

Meeting held third Tuesday of each month  
at Theosophical Society, 4th at Olive.  
7:30 P. M.

## Apostles of Beauty

By ALFRED C. HOTTES

San Diego is known throughout the entire United States for its beauty. Through the years there have been countless persons who have contributed to the beauty of the city by their official support of parks, beach development, and street planting. Thousands of others, however, have gone ahead privately to keep their lawns so beautifully green and who have planted the floral treasures of the world in their gardens. It is to these citizens that a great deal of the beauty of our city should be credited. Two outstanding expositions have been held here and for them the population arose in the hopes that they might proudly show visitors what an ideal place San Diego and its environs really is.

Now the war has come and passed. We were busy with important duties, but now let's turn to peace—to our old civic pride, to our desire to have every vacant lot neat, to have every parkway planted with some form of choice flower or low ground cover.

We derived our happiness from our natural environment more than from the commercial pleasures which necessarily came when our city became an industrial center gathering into its environs many who have been willing to enjoy without any thought of the need for maintaining that beauty.

In every neighborhood now we are confronted with unsightliness—lawns are mainly weeds; flies and mosquitoes are breeding because of neglected pools and discarded receptacles. This situation can readily improve even without civic support if each of us will take upon himself the duty of

suggesting to our neighbors the pride we know they will feel when San Diego is returned to its peacetime beauty and tranquility.

We are indeed situated where the choicest flowers, trees, and shrubs of the whole world can be welcomed to our gardens. Frosts seldom devastate our gardens, but they are always lying in wait over the greater share of the United States. Here, we have a holy duty to perform in growing such plants as are not possible in the gardens of our neighbors.

Tourists have come to us to see rare bulbs, subtropical flowering trees, breath-taking lathhouses, and neat well-landscaped streets, lanes, alleys, and vacant lots.

Men work hard in order to make money and for what reason? They will tell you they want money so they can enjoy more of the fruits of civilization. If they were to express this from the heart, they would say, "I want to make money so that I can have a nice little place in the midst of Nature, where I can hear the birds sing, where I can be surrounded with flowers and trees, where my children can play, where my wife can entertain our friends and their families, a place where I won't be in the way, where I can relax and just forget the necessities of modern life, business, duty, and everything that's petty." Because of industrial necessity the landscape becomes littered with waste products. Every normal man desires to avoid living in such disorder. He reaches out to make his life more gracious, more surrounded with beauty, simpler, more unselfish. This means that a

good citizen wants to give others what he desires for himself.

How little thought we give to our natural heritage. Nature has given us the sea and the mountains and the trees. Someone years ago planted the tree which gives you shade, fragrance, and even lemonade. Who planted the tree from which you hang the swing for your children? Who made Balboa Park a place where you take every out-of-town friend? Who keeps the

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## Announcement

The directors announce with satisfaction and not a little gratification, the acceptance by Alfred Carl Hottes of the editorship of the California Garden. It is a matter of some import to these southern regions, the joining of one of the oldest American garden publications with this national figure in the general garden picture.

Alfred Hottes brings to this union an experience that is rich and wide, a technical preparation that covers many related fields, an approach to the humanities in gardening unique in its sound understanding. Graduate and Master of Science from Cornell University, he taught there and at Ohio State University. For twelve years he was associate editor of *Better Homes and Gardens*. His writings are quite considerable and have become an integral part of the garden literature of three decades.

Horticulturist, teacher, author, editor, lecturer . . . *raconteur facile*, Alfred Hottes will continue an untrammelled contact with these people of the soil he loves. He will continue to spark the advance and carry on to even further planes of service to the gardening fraternity. R. S. H.

Alfred C. Hottes says:

## Here's Something

### SECURIDACA

Recently there has come to my attention a vine of such outstanding beauty that I must pass on the facts about it. It is known as *Securidaca volubilis* (pronounced se-kur-e-dak-ah vo-loo-bil-is). The foot-long clusters of pea-shaped flowers resemble those of Polygala. The color is violet and the keels are yellow. The leaves are glossy and clean, lance-shaped, 3 to 4 inches long and an inch wide, alternate and without teeth. Because the fruits are winged, the name *Securidaca* was given; from *securis*, a hatchet. It comes from Guatemala at 5000-foot elevations. In nature it has the habit of Plumbago, a large semi-climbing shrub with evergreen leaves. We must tie it to a lath house, trellis, or let it drape itself over a wall. It wants water in summer and succeeds in sun or half shade but it is well to avoid planting it in the hottest places. It is not mentioned by Hoyt, Bailey, nor Taylor, Evans and Reeves and Paul J. Howard have it in their catalogs.

## Floral Association Meets

### TO THE LADIES

On July 17, the Floral Association met for an illuminating discourse on the art of corsage making, as explained by Mrs. Bustamente. Working with tuberous begonias, she demonstrated the steps taken; careful wiring through the backs of the petals; wrapping and strengthening of the wires; graceful placing of buds and ribbon accessories. It was definitely "ladies night."

### BUTTON - BUTTON

August 21 brought our own Mrs. Neff Bakkers in a skillful handling of "Buttons in Botany." The amazing possessor of 40,000 buttons, which take six hours to look over only casually, she was able to illustrate her talk with dozens of cards of specially selected buttons.

She began by stating that floral designs on buttons are easy to find and real collectors select only the more difficult items. The first part of her exhibit and explanation covered products of botanical significance that buttons are made of, such as straw,

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# The Fabulous Ferns

By ETHEL B. HIGGINS

Natural History Museum, Balboa Park

Our approach to the ferns has an intangible difference from that of the flowering plants. To what this is due it is hard to say. Perhaps to the fact that for many years the filmy, dainty ferns have been favorites in culture; but many of the ferns are coarse and harsh, and indeed many are trees. It may be that it is due to the fact our present day ferns are a survival of the primitive types which once formed the forest cover of the earth. It is perhaps that in the fern is shown the protean forms that tell the story of its life history, which exemplifies before our wondering eyes the alternation of generation. Or perhaps it is the existence in our minds of the myths and superstitions fostered by the folk tales of many lands.

Illustrative of this are the many superstitions founded upon the tales of magic resulting from the collection of fern seed from the Bracken. The fern seed must be collected at midnight of Mid Summer Night, or St. Johns eve. As Shakespeare words it "We have the receipt of fern seed; we walk invisible." For legend has it that whoso collected the fern seed or had it upon his person was invisible to others. Many are the incidents related concerning the rituals observed in connection with the collection of the seed, and of the magic results affording proof of the claims.

The claim of invincibility was sometimes varied by the theory that possession of the fern "seed" enabled one to find that which was lost, or to locate hidden treasure. Both these beliefs were based upon the so-called "doctrine of signatures." One, William Cole, in *Art of Simpling* (1656) thus states it: "Though Sin and Satan have plunged mankind into an ocean of infirmities, yet the mercy of God, which is over all his works, maketh grasse to grow upon the mountain and herbs for the use of men, and hath not only stamped upon them a distinct form, but also given them particular signatures, whereby a man may read, even in legible characters, the use of them."

The bracken or brake ferns about

which these legendary tales cluster is *Pteridium aquilina*, a fern which is well nigh world wide in its distribution. Were it otherwise, we might well claim it as our national representative in the plant world, for when the stipe is cut across, there appears the well defined (at least to the active imagination) figure of an eagle, our National Emblem.

The brake fern is well distributed in this area, from the foothills to the mountains and over into the desert slopes. It occurs in widespread colonies and forms a forest ground cover. In times past it has enjoyed an enonomic value, being used in many ways. It is said to be edible in its young form before its fronds unroll. It has no appeal for the average person, however.

One of our most stately ferns is the Woodwardia. My first knowledge of this fern came to me in the Santa Cruz mountains where it is very common, lining the roads everywhere and springing from every culvert. There the fronds were somewhat longer than in our southland always 6 to 8 feet or longer. This fern likes the water and may be found along the little streams, with its feet almost or quite in the water. A perfect picture which still lingers in my mind was of a clump of Woodwardias, springing from a little stream in the Sierra Madre foothills. With it was the showy Tiger lily and, forming just the right accent to keep it from what approached the bizarre, the little *Epipactis*, one of our few native orchids.

Last summer I saw it with banks of wild roses, a lovely and beautiful sight. The Woodwardia is sometimes called the chain fern from the pattern of the sorti, the collection of spores on the back of the frond. It was once considered to be a form of Woodwardia radicans, the European species.

It is differentiated from the foreign plant chiefly by the fact that while the European species produces adventitious buds on the stalk, forming new plants, this is not the case with the American fern. We call it *Woodwardia chamissoi* rather than

*W. radicans Americana.*

The California Sword fern is also known as Chamisso Shield fern from the fact that it was described from a collection of Chamisso in 1816, and is a fern with rather rigid growing fronds from 1 to 5 feet in height. Its fronds are in a dense tuft, are evergreen and the pinnae are stiff and leathery. It is called *Polystichum* or as a synonym *Aspidium munitum*. It is not exactly a common fern though it is found in all our mountains. From its habit of growth and evergreen foliage it is a desirable one for our gardens. David Douglas records that the Indians used this fern for wreaths or garlands. It would be valuable as a backing for formal bouquets. Douglas also stated that it was used by the Indians as an article of food, the rhizomes being boiled.

Another of the larger ferns is the Wood Fern *Dryopteris arguta*. An inhabitant of the mountains and foothills, it frequents the lower levels. It is quite common in shaded places, and often found in rocky ravines. It is a somewhat coarse fern and less attractive than others.

The California Polypody, *Polypodium californicum*, is common on our foothills, found in moist cuts or ravines. It is one of our best known ferns and is specially attractive when mature, with its distinctive pattern of large, brown, rounded sori on the back. Its fronds are thin and papery and of a pleasant bright green.

At the other extreme in the manner in which it attracts, is the delicate Maidenhair fern. It loves the moisture and is found in little cuts where any water will find its way. We have two in the county, our common one being *Adiantum Jordonii*: one less common is *A. Capillus-Veneris*, the Venus hair fern. This widely distributed fern is rare in San Diego County, while the most beautiful of all, the Five-finger fern, does not reach our borders.

Among the more delicate ferns is the Brittle Fern *Cystopteris fragilis*, indeed a dainty, fragile little thing, rare in our county, found in the mountains.

In between these extremes, the larger, more spectacular, and the daintiness of the Maidenhair are others of great interest. Close to the Maidenhair in its dainty beauty is the *Cheilanthes californica* (Nutt).

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## Begonia Show Extraordinary

By ALICE M. CLARK

Even before the noon opening of the Roscoe Hazard garden on Sunday, August 19, visitors were waiting to take advantage of the opportunity to see the "Queen" of summer flowers, tuberous begonias, in one of their happiest homes.

Here in the beautifully landscaped grounds, where roses, delphinium, dahlias, zinnias and petunias sing a colorful melody against muted tones of white walls and the greens of handsome shrubs, tuberous begonias play a smashing climax to a symphonic crescendo.

Almost a thousand people clicked the garden gate on that beautiful afternoon (following the wettest August day in 72 years), leaving a generous sum to help the San Diego Junior League project, the rejuvenation of the Day Room of the Crippled Children's Convalescent Home. The provisional members of the League, like flowers themselves, served delicious home-made cookies and punch to the thirsty groups that pressed around their corner of the barbecue patio. Here a long table, covered with a Mexican cloth, held a tall glass turntable featuring de luxe tuberous blooms.

These and other arrangements under the porch pergola, were sponsored by the A. D. Robinson Branch of the American Begonia Society together with a demonstration of the making of corsages from a flaming array of tuberous blooms. This association, of which Mrs. Hazard is a member, had a small exhibit of rare begonias, including the new double sweet-scented variety. Various members about the grounds acted as guides and informants.

While some visitors stood patiently in line before the lathhouse entrance, others enjoyed the tuberous beauties in salmon shades displayed on a shelved-wall by the glasshouse or exclaimed over the gaudy red-flowered specimens in the summer-house. Soft pastel shades and whites were in a quiet nook under one gray olive tree while yellow types lit up the shadows and hung from the branches of another. Interest was keen in the distribution of a prize begonia plant, do-

nated every half hour by Mrs. Hazard.

When one finally did reach the inside of the lathhouse, the effect of the light shining through the colorful petals of the plants on the shelves of the outer walls, was like a cathedral window, running the gamut of rosy colors, everything but blue being represented. In the central section many plants two to three feet high were in large redwood boxes on set-back platforms. Others in large pots lined the walls.

While past the seasonal peak of perfection, all the plants were still rewarding their benefactor with flowers seven and eight inches across. Hanging baskets were in full glory, having had time to drip their luscious blooms far below their containers. Whether it was the full round type of Lloyd, the perfect camellia or the popular multiflora nana kinds that flowed in a jeweled cascade from their baskets, all drew delighted exclamations from the visitors.

It is to be hoped that many were inspired by what they saw to "go and do likewise," for the joy of raising a tuberous begonia is its own reward. Starting with a few, once the simple technique of growing these plants is mastered, the number one owns can be compounded annually by early spring cuttings. The endless combinations of form and color keep one on tip-toe to see the first blooms and discrimination grows with experience until one has to select only the cream of the crop to carry over, for want of housing space.

Thus has Mrs. Hazard's hobby grown.

Five years ago she began with an order of a hundred seedlings. Since then she has enlarged her lathhouse twice to accommodate the expanding collection, which is now reaching four figures. Each season she orders more superlative specimens. Though the average spoilage of tubers is 10 per cent she rarely loses a bulb, so her investment is really gilt-edged and is pushing her into dreams of a new home with a more spacious lathhouse.

I found this lady after the benefit, busily selecting and marking the tu-

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# THE POINSETTAS

By Etta F. Adair

The scientific name of the Poinsettia of the gardens is *Euphorbia pulcherrima*, so called by Willdenow about 1800. The closely related plant, *Euphorbia heterophylla*, was named by Linnaeus, the father of systematic botany, one hundred and fifty years ago. But when Joel Roberts Poinsett, our minister to Mexico, 1825-29, discovered these beautiful plants there and was instrumental in introducing them in the United States, they were both called in this country *Poinsettia* in his honor. The one was named by Graham *Poinsettia pulcherrima*, and the other was named by Klotzsch & Garcke *Poinsettia heterophylla*. Thus while the generic name was changed, the specific name in each case remained the same as before.

A hundred years ago there was great lack of coordination in the work of botanists, and especially as between Europe and America. The writer might adopt a certain name which he deemed appropriate for a plant, even when he knew that it had already been named by another. But early in the present century (1905), at the International Botanical Congress held at Vienna, it was fortunately possible to reach a substantial agreement on the controversial subject of nomenclature. Among other things these botanists agreed to adopt the earliest generic name and the earliest specific name given to a plant. So, the standard name of the so-called *Poinsettia pulcherrima* is in both hemispheres *Euphorbia pulcherrima*, and the standard name of the so-called *Poinsettia heterophylla* is *Euphorbia heterophylla*.

But as many of our highly prized plants have a name for the garden as well as a scientific name, and without the least confusion, in all probability the *Euphorbia pulcherrima* will continue to be called *Poinsettia* by garden lovers. The *Euphorbia heterophylla* will probably be called by the botanical name, for it has never been familiarly known as *Poinsettia*, but rather, as *Fire Plant*, or *Painted Leaf*. In the catalogues of nurseries and seed companies it is commonly listed simply as the *Euphorbia*, while *Euphorbia pulcherrima* is consistently listed as the *Poinsettia*. We sometimes call the *Euphorbia pulcherrima* the *Christmas flower*. In England it is known as the

*Mexican flame-leaf* and the *Lobster-flower*. The Mexicans call it the *Flora de pasqua*.

The generic name *Euphorbia* is New Latin, that is, Latin coined for use in the sciences, philology, theology, etc. It is from the Greek *Euphorbion*, the name of an African plant so-called, it is said, from Euphorbus, physician to the king of Mauretania, an ancient country of north Africa. The specific name, *pulcherrima* is the feminine form of the Latin adjective *pulcher* in the superlative degree, and means most beautiful. The specific name *heterophylla* is also Latin. It is from the Greek *heteros*, other, different, and *phyllon*, leaf. It is a name frequently given to a plant having two different kinds of leaves on a single stem.

The genus *Euphorbia* embraces over 600 species, known generally as the *spurges*, and found in all temperate regions and, more sparingly, in the tropics. In tropical regions the species vary greatly in habit. Some African species have succulent stems resembling columnar cactaceae. They abound in acrid juice, which possesses medicinal, and sometimes poisonous properties. The blooming spurge, *Euphorbia corollata*, and the ipecac spurge, *Euphorbia ipecacuanhae*, and other species, are employed medicinally in the regions where they are native. Various species are cultivated for ornament, as the *Euphorbia marginata*, for its color-margined leaves, and the *Euphorbia fulgens*, for its bright-red involucre.

The *Euphorbiaceae*, or spurge family, is an important family, including some 200 genera and over 3,000 species. They are abundant, and are found in all temperate and tropical regions. Especially do they abound in South America. The flowers of this great family are declinuous and inconspicuous, but are often surrounded by a corolla-like involucre which renders the inflorescence conspicuous. Especially is this marked in the so-called *Poinsettias*.

The *Euphorbiaceae* is embraced in the order of the *Geraniales*, or geranium order, where it is coordinate with geranium family, the flax family, the wood sorrel family, the rue family, and the mahogany family.

## Your Hydrangea

Your hydrangea out-of-doors is probably blooming now, or has it? In either case it is time to think of pruning, especially if it is one of the superior, less vigorous varieties. General advice in this respect must be passed up in these southern regions, for the species universally found out-doors is of the greenhouses of the north. It is *Hydrangea macrophylla* (hortensis) the large leaved, frequently spoken of as the French hydrangea, due to selective work done by these people.

This plant bears its pink, blue or greenish white flowers on last year's growth, so that the bearing wood and flowers you now own have developed since last summer and fall. That means you should do your cutting immediately after blooming. Any other time is either wasteful or disastrous, in that the next season's crop is inadvertently cut away or the flowering habit of the plant thrown out of its natural season.

Normally and as a part of a predetermined plan, the bush will be cut sparingly although it withstands any amount of butchery, even cutting to the ground. It is conceivable that the last might be advisable to renew and revigorate an old plant that has been allowed to run out, or to initiate a new and planned economy of flowering. Some varieties may bloom by fall, cut heavily in spring, but most fail completely. They are then allowed to grow on until next spring, cut again in ignorance and again the following year before coming to head, in the perpetuation of a beautiful green bush . . . ignorantia legis neminem excusat

Hattie Rumblesbucks saw the begonia show "over to the Hazards," duckboards and all. It was finally a "beauteous and skyful day an' a edifyin' sight. The gals come from far and near, even from 'round the corner to get a eyeful. An' there was plenty of fillin,' lovelies ablossomin' an' flowers astirrin' of the soul, and many a drug-along-man found bissell nearer to heaven than he ever expected. These things is good, in a way." They point up our every day foibles and follies and faultily understandings and feed our abstractions, whether we like it or not, with an "ambrosia" of contemplation that carries over into



... oughta ripple 'em. And seriously, there is no excuse.

The willing minded may be told that the flower appears at the tip of the cane or on short laterals near the tip. A cane may be reduced after flowering in which case strong blooming laterals can be expected next year or the same cane may be hooked out altogether which will stimulate the remaining canes to a bigger and better effort next year. But note the clear ring-line of demarkation between this year's blooming wood and last year's shoot that did not bear and be admonished; turn from sin; repent . . . learn. That growing, terminal leafy shoot there today will bloom tomorrow; cut it off and be sorry.

The great secret with this bushy plant lies in working out a certain balance in blooming, with all possible strength conserved for a crowning and taxing effort. It isn't enough to know when to cut. One must observe and estimate just how much snipping a plant will take with advantage, and ultimately come to feel, rather than know when to stop. This is in the interest of continued superior flowering as well as a strong bush. A planned regimen in pruning sustained by this green-finger thinking may double or treble the show of flowers because the plant is very appreciative of good culture. Not only this . . . a sort of lustiness may take on an elasticity or tone that tends to carry uninterrupted production year after year. Combine with this, uniform but not too much moisture, reasonable fertility, at least partial shade and bring in your ship . . . an argosy of color; escutcheon and livery for your garden. —Roland Hoyt.

*the silences. This was a big gulp. Here was turtle and venison for the ladies, indeed a mixed feast for anyone jarred loose in his thinking. The fare . . . the ultimate in pulchritude, camellia type and Camilles; pom pon centers and pert perched hats; picotees and crests and frilly sillies; rosebuds in pots and rosebuds aviewing, all apart and yet together.*

*Oh yes, begonias . . . there were tuberous begonias too, an ultimate and final beauty of the summer garden, perfect passage from objective to subjective, where one looked straight into the eyes of the supreme principle and there was nothing to say.*

## Rogue's March...back

By Roland S. Hoyt

An American soldier in a foreign land seems always to get close, and quickly, to the language of the streets. He soon develops a patois for the occasion, combined of his own and the host speech which the native soon comes to accept in understanding. In France, one of his first verbs is *aller*, and for the purpose of flourish and emphasis, he is more than likely to add—*oop*. This reinforcement has some mystic function in animation, so that a small boy or a tart departs the vicinity pronto.

Now gardeners have their own vernacular and it includes certain expletives appropos of plants that fail to do as he thinks or expects they should. He may not tell *dichondra* to "beat it," but takes corresponding action with a turf that fails of its high repute. He may exorcise, struggle with and wait for years to flower a wisteria and finally, in sheer exhaustion relax, and in that one unguarded, fallow moment take an unaccountable reckoning in bloom.

What we forget is that a few plants have very particular uses, possibly idiosyncracies, characteristics if you will that favor us under a given set of conditions with service. Some can be just as stubborn in giving as the gardener is in demanding, and just as long-suffering, but relentless in opposition. What they both want is understanding.

So many new plants come in to popularity with a whirl and go out on their own slipstream before enough people get down to assaying their worth for the garden. Such a one is *Dichondra repens*. How many signs, large ones, did we see a few years ago extolling the virtues of this plant as a lawn and how many failures do we see today for each one that has been successful? Let's see what's wrong.

In the first place this plant comes from a high moist country with generally acid soils. But there evidently is no controlling factor here since success has been achieved under our own soil reaction and irrigation water. It seems to thrive in fairly heavy soils and in those that are quite sandy. But note what happens when there is any mingling of the two extremes of texture. One spot is a good

thriving green; another yellowish and thin. Look closer and there will be found slight depressions from the mean grade or raised areas more exposed to sun and wind. This suggests immediately that water and, to some extent, fertilizer used is not uniformly available. A heavy soil takes both more slowly and holds longer, where a sandy soil accepts quickly and immediately begins the leaching process. This plant reacts with urgency to both, so that a low spot is bound to develop a more luxuriant growth, and the simple matters of soil texture and grading point the way.

Over and above this aspect, the plant is very susceptible to the nematode, that microscopic and deadly little worm. There is nothing that can be done to rectify an infestation but to destroy the whole and start over with something else. Utmost vigilance in procuring planting stock is at least half the battle. Note the condition of flat material from the nurseryman or whether the sod you take from is thriving. Reject anything suspicious . . . be sure.

Then there is the weed situation which is not so important, but which can be exasperating and expensive in the beginning. It will pay good dividends to germinate weeds in the soil before setting out, destroying anything that comes up over a period of watering. The annual blue-grass and the little yellow sorrel must be eradicated in the initial stages as their control later will require more attention than can ordinarily be given while the ground might just as well be given over to bermuda-grass in the first place as to let it get a start. A thriving sod will tend to reject all of these.

The last word, and seriously sound advice is against the average person using this for lawn. He will not or cannot give it the attention it requires and a half-hearted attempt can be a sorry mess. Use it for more localized, smaller spots, between curb and walk or foundation; edging a path or beneath the clothes line where wear is not great; better always where its invasive tendencies have a natural check. Probably the best use is between large flags where the uniform moisture and cool root run keep it in condition. Understood, this serviceable little plant is not so much a rogue as a *Cagliostro* with a batch of tricks in his bag.

Yes, a rogue may be only a scamp playing monkey tricks on us. It will be easier for the gardener who has waited years for a wisteria to come into bloom, to view the case with resignation than tolerance and there is nothing very sure that can be done about it. There is so much complaint it would seem people might be advised as to the natural delay in flowering before they set this plant out. It is not slow to develop as a stripling so far as growth is concerned, but is late in reaching maturity from a physiological point of view. Is it reasonable to expect a plant that may live upward toward the century mark to reach flowering as soon as one that is going to complete the cycle in a few years? No. Yet there are certain aids or considerations that are relevant and may assist the impatient grower . . . but first the basic approach.

The orchardist knows that his tree must have a framework structurally, with more or less secondary wood of some maturity before he can expect a crop. He prepares this, cultivating the ground, fertilizing, shaping with the shears, irrigating; in fact carry-

ing out all operations for maximum growth the first years. He is growing wood and knows it and doesn't expect fruiting . . . flowers. There comes a time in the growth of the plant, however, when it should be ready to reproduce, just as with an animal. This varies in point of time with species, but not in principle. It is pretty well established what age is best for the tree to start bearing, at which time wood growth is discouraged to conserve and direct strength into the formation of fruit buds . . . flowers . . . and it brings forth in a natural sequence of the living force.

The gardener with a wisteria may be advised by this. Fertilize freely and in all ways cultivate well until a good husky plant has been established. That is about the stage when the average man is most impatient and he will reach it in from three to five years, sometimes longer. If from then on he will check the growth of wood by decreased fertility, pruning to spurs in summer, heavier in winter, never forcing; the vine will come into production. No necessity for cross-pollination from neighboring plants exists, as is so often thought.

There are further aids and inducements that may be tried after exhortation of the spirit has failed. Don't discourage the close-twisting and winding of stems which will tend to slow the down flow of sap. A summer injury to the stem may prove a boon in line with the same reasoning or an actual ringing with a knife, if you know how, will do the same thing, that of holding plant food above for fruit buds. It is said that flowering tends to appear when vertical growth has given way through necessity to the horizontal. Sounds reasonable. It may be presumed that the plant gets down to business when it has no place to go, or maybe it has only put itself within reach of pruning shears.

One of the glorious sights in the experience of this writer was a short-truss Chinese wisteria near Le Man in full bloom. A trunk of full twelve inches in diameter supported thick, timeworn arms that stretched across the facade of a village block meandering from house to house in a curiously impersonal manner. This, until there was no other place to go, unless around the corners into less sun. And that's another point in growing wis-

## Floral Association Meets

(Continued on page 2)

wood, plastics, paper, celluloid, vegetable ivory, rubber, pyraline, cloth, coconut and wood. She then traced flower patterns as found on a variety of materials, from the rare Battersea enamel, done by hand on copper, through Satsuma, Italian mosaic, painted porcelains of the gay nineties, and pewter of France, to modern materials. She said a retired minister, Sam Wilson, manufactured the first wooden cloth-covered button in 1878, and was so successful that he produced 50 per cent of all buttons made in his time.

A shining example of what she preaches, Mrs. Bakkers recommends a hobby to keep from growing old and worried. She caught the "Button Bee" while seeking to forget the loss of valuable papers in a stolen safe. This was another stimulating evening with a favorite speaker!

A.M.C.

teria . . . keep the top in full, bright sun.  
—Roland Hoyt.

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## Begonia Show

(Continued from page 3)

bers that were to go back into hanging baskets next year. The colors have to be carefully matched while in bloom as there are from four to six tubers in each basket and woe betide if they get mixed. (Mrs. Hazard does all the work on her huge project herself, except the heavy lifting.) Hundreds of pots are already turned on their sides to be left until the stalks ripen and fall off. They are then taken from the pots, carefully washed and dried in the sun and stored in peat moss. She thought liquid feeding this year was not a success and hopes to be able to use fish meal in the bottom of her pots next season so that additional food will not be necessary. While she has practically all the flower forms, including "picotee" which is any light color with a dark edge and splashed petals, she is re-ordering her favorites, the new camellias with ruffled edges.

A week after her third annual "Open Garden," I found Mrs. Hazard planning for the next, while at the same time she ponders where to put the consignment of red-tipped daffodils she has sent for, so Spring will be gay. Truly she is a dynamic horticulturist!

Alice M. Clark.

## For a City Garden

The following directions are given for growing strawberries in a barrel: "A clean barrel should be used and several one inch holes bored in the center of the bottom (for drainage) and a ring of 1½ inch holes about 8 inches apart around the barrel with a space of 8 inches between the rows of holes. If the holes are started near the bottom it will be possible to get three (possibly four, depending upon size of barrel) rows of holes and about 8 holes around the barrel. A good loam soil should be secured and mixed with well-rotted stable manure. If the soil and manure can be prepared and composted several weeks before filling the barrel so much the better. The mixture of soil and manure can be lightly wet down occasionally and turned with a shovel. When ready to fill, first place upright in the center of the barrel on the bottom a piece of four or six-inch tile,

say a foot long, and fill with coarse gravel. Put the berry roots through the 1½ inch holes of the first row and fill up to the top of the drain with the composted soil. Pack down firmly but be careful not to break the berry roots in the process. Then add another piece of tile, set more plants and fill as before. When finished, the drain pipe should come to the top of the barrel. A row of plants may finally be planted on the top of the barrel so that the sides and top are covered. The plants are irrigated through the drain pipe and if rather coarse material has been used to fill it with, the plant roots should be able to secure enough to keep them in good condition. Heavy soil should not be used in the barrel. A medium loam is best and if well rotted organic matter (stable manure or litter, or that from chicken runs) has been mixed with it you will have no trouble in getting water to the plant roots. Elevate the barrel on stones or planking to facilitate drainage.

Some authorities recommend good strong pot grown plants for barrel planting although if good runner plants can be secured, there is no reason why they should not be used. Planting may be done this fall, if proper plants can be secured. If not, late winter or early spring planting may be done. Plants set this fall should begin to bear early in the spring. In order to fertilize the plants, as needed, liquid manure may be placed in the drain pipe.

—R.S.L.

## Ferns

(Continued on page 3)

Mett. It is hard to say which is the most attractive. It is quite common from the shaded slopes of the coastal hills as far east as Pine Valley. It can supply a thrill when it is encountered.

The genus *Cheilanthes*, or lip fern, is so called because of the enrolled margin of the leaf. The segments of the pinnae are minute and sometimes in little beadlike sections. We have several in the county, none of the others quite like the lace fern, or as attractive. *Cheilanthes viscida*, the sticky lace fern is a desert dweller, as is also *C. Covillei*.

The Cleveland Lip fern *C. Clevelandii* favors our foothills. The *Notholaenas* or cotton ferns are not par-

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ticularly attractive. Small and xerophytic in habit, they favor the dry and rocky hills of the coastal region or into the desert. We have three that are common in the county, *N. Newberryi* which is known as the cotton fern, and the two cloak ferns, *N. Californica* and *N. Parryi*.

We have two of the Cliffbrakes, *Pellaea andromedaefolia*, the coffee fern and the tea fern, *P. mucronata*. Both of these are found commonly about our hills, the first however confining itself more or less to the coastal area, while the tea or birdsfoot fern, far less choosy about its habitat, occurs from the coast to the desert and also on the mountains. They are rather stiff and wiry, but lend themselves beautifully to cultivation in the rock garden.

With them we find the little triangular Golden back fern. Creeping out from under some shelving rock which protects its roots from drying in the cool moisture beneath, this delightful little fern is always enchanting. Its name is *Pityrogramma triangularis*, its specific name from the shape of the frond. A variety is the Silverback fern, var. *viscosa*. The appropriateness of the specific name is seen if the fern is pressed upon a sheet of paper where it will leave its impress from

its sticky, silvery white powder.

And finally that tiny little spleenwort, one of the daintiest things that could be conceived. Ours is called *Asplenium vespertinum* but was formerly known as *trichomanes* var. *vespertinum*. *Asplenium trichomanes* was called in England the English Maidenhair. It is of course, nothing like the Maidenhair, resembling it only in the delicacy of its beauty. In the river gorge pick up a flat little stone with a cleft as fine as a hair, and in that little crack lie the roots of the tiny *Asplenium*. It is fairly common in shaded, moist, rocky places in the foothills. In the name of this fern we find lingering the old "doctrine of signatures." Both its scientific and its common name Spleenwort tell of the belief that it was of use in diseases affecting the spleen.

## Apostle's of Beauty

(Continued from page 1)

air of the streets, the vacant lots, and the beaches sweet and clean? Do you?

We must all be apostles of beauty. It is very easy to allow others to litter our streets with paper and bottles

and rubbish of all sorts. The city cannot be responsible for all our personal negligence. Let's not let George do everything. Be a George.

All of this leads up to the fact that *The California Garden* can be a medium of exchange for opinions from you and me. San Diego is so nearly the garden of Eden that it will be very simple to restore it to its one-time beauty. It should not be very difficult to make it even excel the Utopias of the poets when they describe some blessed Elysium. This change will not be wrought by magic. It requires the concerted efforts of those who love their homes and have enough initiative to inspire others to share their desire to make a rose grow where only a thorn grew before. We only love what we do for.

I am speaking to you personally. What will you do toward bringing about a happier, more gracious, more beautiful San Diego? Write us briefly, and maybe you and I can contribute our small share toward the future of our city. We shall gladly devote a column to your comments. Remember, however, this is not a place for political opinion nor suggested civic reforms except as they are concerned with the matter of gardens and Nature.

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